

The Scream

by Sari Cunningham

Coagulating sky, a turbulent
heave of orange, blood red,
hell's fire smeared —
below, tar seas bulge
at the seams, engulfing ships.

Pier-bound she streaks
and wails as the sea
swells and threatens to
claim —, corpse head, bald
eyes, her death robes
cling to shell-shocked
limbs. All others oblivion.

